THE

Fifteen COMFORTS

OF A

Scotch-Man.

Written by Daniel D' Foe *in* Scotland.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year, MDCCVII.

THE

Fifteen Comforts, &c.

The First Comfort.

BE Dumb ye Beggars of the Rhiming Trade
Geld the base Wits, and let the Muse be
(Splaid
Charge not the Parish with the Bastard Phrase
Of *Balm*, *Elixar*, both the *India*'s,
Of *Shrine*, *Saint*, *Sacriledge*, and such as these
Expressions, common as their Mistresses.
Of her I write, no Pen can reach her Worth,
Nor find an Epithet to set her forth;
I mean Heroick *Anne*, our Gracious Queen,
In War Victorious, and in Pomp Serene;
The Circle of whose Reign contains all Bliss,
And daily studies *Scotland*'s Happiness.

The Second Comfort.

Now Sacred *Anne* does wear the *British*
(Crown,
The Church does flourish, and is lofty grown;
The Laws are risen from a long, long Trance,
And our uniting is a Check to *France*;

43. 7. 6. 431.

Which

Which Union even would make our Foes Baptize
Themselves all Converts in our watry Eyes;
Which we for very Joy do weep, to see
How *Anne* designs to make Posterity
For ever happy, whilst She's on the Throne,
In making *Scots* and *English* both as One.

The Third Comfort

Among the num'rous Throng, we *Scots* do come,
To wish the grand Support of *Christendom*
Health, that's the Joy of Life, and Soul of Mirth,
Bane of Despair, and Comfort of our Birth:
May't with your Years, as clearly last and rise,
As 'twas e'er Winds had blasted Paradise!
Wealth! the Support of Pleasure and the Crown,
The only Prop of Glory and Renown.
May the same virtuous Temper, the same Fire,
That never flags too low, nor do's mount higher,
Enflame your Breast, and to't by Heaven be sent
That which all seek (but find not) true Content.
May all your Aims atchieve their purpos'd End,
Then Loyal *Scotland* ne'er will want a Friend,
To be the Guardian of their Church and State,
Whilst the *Rose* and *Thistle* do incorporate.

The Fourth Comfort.

Poor lousie, beggar'd *France*, & half-starv'd *Spain*,
Durst not presume t' appear upon the Main;
For now St. *Andrew*, and St. *George* do joyn,
Upon the Ocean they'll in Glory shine.

Their Union-Colours on the rolling Sea,
Will ſhew the Force of *Britiſh* Heraldry:
Thus on that Element the *Scots* too Fame
Will get, and to the encient *Scottiſh* Name
Will Honour add, by having ſuch a Fleet
That durſt our Foe upon the Ocean meet,
And make them low'r their Top-ſails too at Sea,
As owning that the only Sovereignty
Thereof is Sacred *Anna*'s Lawful Right,
For which Her Loyal Subjects too will Fight.

The Fifth Comfort.

In a *Proteſtant* Succeſſion now the Crown
Is fix'd, and none muſt mount the *Britiſh* Throne,
But what will the reformed Faith defend,
And to the Church of *England* be a Friend;
For by her Grandeur we ſupported be,
Whilſt Conſcience do's enjoy its Liberty.
And that which alſo gives our Hearts Content,
As that two Nations has one Parliament.

The Sixth Comfort.

As to our Comforts what can more be ſaid?
Freedom we have, and Intercourſe of Trade,
To any Port or Place the Kingdom round;
Beſides, all *Scottiſh* Ships that ſhall be found,
At Signing of this Treaty, on the Sea,
Of any ſort of Foreign Built, ſhall be
As Ships of the Built of *Great-Britain* deem'd:
So much is *Scotland* by the Queen eſteem'd,
That Her Indulgence makes us all conſpire
To act, and to comply with Her Deſire.

The

The Seventh Comfort.

Now, now, old *Scotland* is for ever made,
Since (with the *Engliſh*) in the way of Trade,
We have the ſame Allowances, Reſtitutions,
Lawful Encouragements, and Prohibitions.
No Article the Loyal *Scots* do blame,
For Exciſe with us, as you, is all the ſame;
For ſeven Years we ſhall be Duty-free
In making Salt; and farthermore we ſee,
The Land-Tax will be very eaſie here,
The Yoak is light for any one to bear.

The Eighth Comfort.

Duties on Paper Stamp'd we ſhall not pay,
Nor Duties which they do on Velome lay;
And farther to confirm us in our Rights,
We ſhall no Duty pay for Window-Lights;
Nay, Royal Favours ſtill are more enlarg'd,
For Coals conſum'd at Home we ſhan't be charg'd,
Nor charg'd with any Duty laid on Malt,
So if we won't unite, 'tis all our Fault:
Both Nations will be one, and we ſhall be
To all Intents as *Engliſhmen* (Sir) free;
All Animoſities being laid aſide,
In Love and Unity we ſhall take Pride,
And in Eternal Friendſhip ſo diſpoſe
Our ſelves, as to be dreadful to our Foes.

The Ninth Comfort.

One *Britiſh* Parliament will now be made,
And we have an Equivalent in Trade;

The Coin of the united Kingdoms too
Be all alike, that all may have their Due:
Our Weights and Meaſures too muſt be the ſame,
That People may not diff'rent Meaſures b lame.

The Tenth Comfort.

The Laws concerning regulating Trade,
In favour of our Conſtitution's made;
The Court of Seſſions muſt the ſame remain
As formerly, in this the preſent Reign;
All Miſdemeanours done upon the Sea,
To be ſubject to the *Britiſh* Admiralty.
Nay, further to encreaſe our Happineſs,
Men Offices for Life may ſtill poſſeſs;
And yet to make us happy o'er again,
The Queen is pleas'd, that all the Rights remain
Of Royal *Scottiſh* Burroughs, as they now
At preſent are: What more can She allow?
Or we from Royal Bounty ſtill require,
Since we have all as Subjects can deſire.

The Eleventh Comfort.

We ſhall have Lords and Commons too to ſit
In Parliament, where're the Queen thinks fit,
Who will have all the Priviledges too,
That's really to their noble Peerage due;
The ſame as *Engliſh* Peers they will enjoy,
Which Treaty will the Hopes of *France* deſtroy
And that in time we may our Breaches heal,
Great-Britain muſt but uſe one only Seal,
Quartered with thoſe Arms as beſt may ſute,
This Union, which makes *ANNA* abſolute,

Empre

Empreſs Imperial over the Bleſs'd Realm,
Of which She does ſo wiſely rule the Helm.

The Twelfth Comfort.

All Laws and Statutes in each Realm, ſo far
As to the Union they contrary are,
From and after it they ceaſe, and ſhall be void,
That Liberty by us may be enjoy'd.
What can we then of *England* ask for more,
No greater Bleſſings they can have in ſtore,
Than what are granted, ſo let's all ſit down,
And drink the Health of *Anne*, who wears the
(Crown,
And wiſh Her long to Reign, that She may be
A Terror to the *Gallick* Monarchy.

The Thirteenth Comfort.

The *Scottiſh* Parliament has done their beſt,
That theſe two Kingdoms may be doubly
(bleſt;
Upon the *Engliſh* Parliament we wait,
With low Submiſſion for to know our Fate,
Hoping kind Heav'n will cauſe them to agree
To this long wiſh'd and hop'd for Unity,
Which ſurely will prove of ſuch Conſequence,
That it will be a Thorn i' th' ſide of *France*,
And make them rue the Day that e'er we came
To be a People of one Crown, and Name:
For our uniting makes the *Frenchmen* fear,
Some dreadful Storm's to them approaching near.

The Fourteenth Comfort.

Now, now, the *Scots* with *England* do unite,
Lewis and *Maintenon* are in a Fright ;
Ye *Spaniards* too, your drooping Kingdom drench
Till Tears the Flames of *Purgatory* quench ;
But you that can't cry, yet would seem to weep,
Your Hankerchiefs in Holy Water steep,
Then Virgin *Mary*, and the Saints invoke,
To keep your Kingdom from the *Frenchmen*
(Yoke
But if ye'll still be Fools, and will not own
King *Charles*, by Force we'll put on him t
(Crow

The Fifteenth Comfort.

Glory and Honour Crown great *Anna*'s Na
And let her Greatness shine with endless Fame
For making such an Union that shall shake
Proud *France*, and make its haughty Mona
(qual
So whilst we Praises to our Sovereign give,
Let's pray that *Anne* a *Nestor*'s Age may live.

FINIS.